& drop on. The making & pulling. It had been
like an excited cat, one spring, one claw, —
all's over.

Joyce died the other night — what a
nice woman — the soul of pan, in a
woman's body: sheepdog Pan, not God. She
has a queer Cockney accent. Why?
Next week I have to see the Inter Fly
about the Roger book — oh dear. There's
NYPL
accumulated so many chapters: & what am
I to do? I can't get rid of my own burden
before August: what a labour writing is:
re-writing; making one sentence do the work of
a page: that what's call hard work.
This is all very disjected: but you'll only
have scraps & the day's thread of a mind.
And I have to write to ask my friend, that is
the political & the rich, to ask for money to
fight Fascism. And it's withering cold; even
I couldn't walk. And the top green of
I must put the chicken in the oven.
Do I kiss the top of
your head & farewell
V.

Rote 2.+.49

Friday 15 Feb 1935

Lost here, it suddenly struck me in
the night, please don't breathe a
word, even to Elizabeth, about the
Figs in the biography. You want, I know.
Only I saw her (the Lady) in the
position is delicate & difficult,
& things get wheated & distorted, as you
know, in the night. Early round in the
In fact, she was far more tolerant
& sympathetic & well informed
than I'd given her credit for.
Sent my cheque to Ly. Ravensdale.
And now, to my surprise, is a little
from Vita asking to see me.
Ah yes. I had meant to come on

Sunday, of course, Chapple sent a wire
to tapping that bottle of Champagne
before its sweltry: but now you shall
drink it to the health of the book
How do you manage to work as you do?
I can only write I had a ~~fine~~ Vine
pen (what you ~~write~~ paper with)
so that I could squeeze my
innumerable mealy bugs into you. Ugh Ugh
on the ground!

Rota 2.4.63

V.

I'm sorry old Vernon is dead. I had
hoped rather like her. But she was
far gone in age, I suppose.

Monday Dec 25. 1935

I showed my: the only honest sentence
is "it's did not shrink from Given
the semblance " The other, with
'in carving' seems to be bolt-ahem-
damned nonsense. Do them - flat.
I'm sorry you have contracted the
Cafe hermaphrodite; but you can't be too
sure, the public buy what it
see I can't manage Thursday
But I think Sunday is
free- & I'll go if I can to the
Concert. Let me know what
time. I should pocket my afternoon
prejudice. Only it's not at the
moment altogether free from - I forget.

what - but some horror: Sunday pm I mean.
So let me know the time,
& the locker.
2 figure movement
hard - so much to do
& ultra busy

[illegible]

NYPL

Rota 2.4.63

Feb 29 1935

32 Lavenham Square.

Yes, I'll come if I can, on the 3rd.
but I can't be dead sure: & oh Lord
how I hate afternoon Concerts!
But on the way, if I can, from love of you,
I'll come. Only we may be away
Let me know first & meet us
Drink the Champagne — no)
Darling it's drunk already. So
here's my blessing on the
new baby. And when with it
be seen in its Lucy white
Draperies, taking the air in
Hyde Park?

V.

Tuesday
— 12 March 35

Yes, of course I will read by Poussin
if you will send her me.
Now: attend.

1) I want to have a drawing of you.
2) There is a Miss Preece, much admired
by Roger Vanena.
3) She is poor.
4) She longs to draw you.
5) She is shy.
6) She lives at Cookham.
7) Will you sit?

If she did a passable drawing, I want

Rota 2.4.63

to try & get it published in Time & Tide.
Could you go to Cookham? I think
one sitting would be enough. She's
afraid of failing in a strange Studio.
But I said, Much Vanena. That to
drag you to Cm seemed extortionate.
Let me have a line.

She – Reeca – is in a twitter.

NYPL

Why has Shelley no heart?
I don't mind being in his boat.
We went to Liss in a
Snowstorm on Sunday. Saw
Gwen & Vera. Go – Ser.

No time for more. Vx.

52 Tavistock Sqre

March 14th 1935

Yes, Ethel dear, I think it improved out of all knowledge. — how, I dont quite know, whether I'm reading in a more cordial mood or was too stingy before: anyhow you seem to me to have deepened & sharpened it so that its a mass, not an outline, & the qualities melt together instead of being separate, disconnected, & then unintelligible prominence as I thought them before. And what, (this supreme example in this kind of writing,) suggestiveness: so that the sentence rings on, I mean leads meaning, after it is finished. I should now not consider that you've

raised, not a movement but a shout: not a shout but a presence - In fact I congratulate you: & what more to the point, feel I know her so well) wish I'd known her better. My only Carils are 3 letters twice: (marked in the margin) 119. why 'they'? : 122. should be 'from'; ~~not~~ to; & , 135: neglect: is that the right tense, after the past. 'endangered'? Grammarian. Dear me, I could write about Roger like that! But it odd, this is Lincoln, but your seeing a Cave somehow affect me like Joyce playing a ball: I can feel the bat (thinking of Cricket) meet with the ball, both become one. And ~~I~~ I'm an old fashioned writer, & can't do it. NYPL

No news from Miss Preen. Assume you went belted to Cookham, & that what the weather: we wish Conway you. I once tried to arrange a series with I. T: after Thing, & Roger muddled it; & she is in my confidence rather - a very settled (they say) extremely odd woman, who is being quite

Rota 2.4.63